THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

"*Happy the bard——*
"*Whose lines, uniting, by an honest art,*
"*The faithful monitor's and poet's part,*
"*Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind,*
"*And, while they captivate, inform the mind.*"

COWPER.

Mr. Easy,

WHATEVER tends to relieve human nature from the degrading reflection made by those, who are familiarized to perpetual contemplations upon the dark side of it, is commendable and meritorious; inasmuch as the more generous and liberal feelings of our nature are roused and kept alive, and their contraries repelled.

The amiable Gesner did not consider the interesting but shocking tale related in one of the Spectators, of Ynkle and Yariko, as complete. He could not bear that the "beautiful Indian should remain a prey to the horrors of her destiny;" and not discovering any signs of humanity, any traits of repentance, in the perfidious monster who betrayed her; he was determined to remedy the defect, and represent human nature in a manner less disreputable. He has accordingly, from a scanty dry narrative of a few facts, produced an highly fascinating story, which (as I am sure your readers will approve of his intention as well as execution) I have translated for your useful paper.

A

YNKLE AND YARIKO.

I love the poet whose tender and delicate imagination could not suffer the beautiful Indian to remain a prey to the horrors of her destiny. Not finding in the cruel man who betrayed her, any sign of repentance, any trait of humanity, my soul does not experience emotions less unpleasant. Yes, pity is never so far removed from the heart of man, but the terrors of remorse can seize upon, and restore it to virtue. This spark, which heaven has implanted within us, is never entirely extinguished; it is visible through the intoxication of the passions; and shines out sooner or later. Muse, if thou art propitious to me, feeling hearts shall learn the deliverance of Yariko, and the repentance of her lover.

The unfortunate woman was sold by the barbarian to the governor of the island, who had no sooner learnt the story of her misfortunes, and the dark perfidy of Ynkle, than he ordered his superintendant of the slaves, to hasten after him, and bring him to his presence. I intend, said he, that this monster shall suffer five years of slavery, as a just punishment for his crime. Ynkle in the mean time had remained motionless upon the shore. Recovering all at once from a profound reverie, What have I done, cries he! Have I basely sold her who saved my life, her who loves me so tenderly! With indignation he throws down the money which had been paid him, and becomes again absorbed in thought. Wretch! what is to become of me! the crime was horrible! yes: but it is completed. The master to whom I sold her is good, she will be treated with gentleness. I feel, nevertheless, ah, too much I feel that this cruel remembrance will destroy my peace forever.

Regret eternal!—and useless!—At this word he was preparing to pick up the vile money he had just thrown upon the ground, when a shuddering of horror suddenly seized him. Do not give me to others, said she weeping: do not abandon me to strangers! Thus she spoke to me—these were the last words her trembling lips uttered.

O wretch that I am!—I do not refuse to follow thee as thy slave: without complaint thou shalt behold me support the most severe labours: let me remain only near thee: let me always enjoy thy looks: yes, take me for thy slave, and the unhappy fruits which I carry within me, the unhappy fruits of the tenderest love.——Turning pale, he is silent—a cold sweat covers his face; he trembles; he shudders like the wretch who, attempting the honour of youthful and beautiful innocence, beholds suddenly the

lightning strike close by him and shatter the tree whose shade was to have been the witness of his crime. Such was the terror of Ynkle when the superintendant came to seize him.—Wretch! said he, if thou comparest it with thy crime, thy punishment should seem mild to thee. The governor condemns thee to five years servitude. Lay aside thy garments immediately; here are what are destined for thee.—Ynkle dresses himself, and whilst assuming the garb of slavery, he weeps bitterly.

Yes, the punishment is mild, said he, for the blackest of crimes; I bless the hand which avenges it; perhaps I shall support with less pain the weight which oppresses my heart. Habited as a slave, the wretch is dragged to the labours which are henceforth destined for him. However hard his labours may be, the unhappy man feels more tranquility since he suffers the punishment due to his crime.

Yariko, in the mean time, ceased not to weep for the infidelity of her lover.

The master who purchased her took pity upon her misfortunes, and some time being elapsed, having loaded her with attentions and kindness, he sent her on board a vessel destined to conduct her to her native shore. Sad and melancholy, on board the vessel which passed rapidly through the water, her eyes fixed on the shore, which with regret she saw lessen every moment, the unfortunate woman kept a mournful silence; when one of the navigators approached and addressed her in these words: Young and beautiful Yariko, whence proceeds then this gloomy chagrin? should you not rather rejoice at beholding yourself carried to your native land, far from that fatal shore where thou wert sold for a slave? Yes, replied she, without doubt I should rejoice, if upon that strange land I had not abandoned a faithless lover, without having even had the consolation to drop one parting tear on the bosom of the perfidious man. Ah! I would have embraced him; perhaps his cruelty would have repulsed me: I should not the less have held him in my arms. Where is he? Ah, tell me where is the most ungrateful, the most cherished of mortals? The governor of the island, replied he, has condemned him to five years slavery; a punishment light for a crime like his. I have seen him in the midst of a croud of slaves partake of their painful labours. —Ah, poor Ynkle! exclaimed she, why hast thou ever known me? Thou wouldst not now suffer punishment for the cruelty thou wert guilty of. But, my friend, tell me, how does he support his sad fate? Tell me, what was he doing? what did he when you saw him with these slaves? When I beheld him, replied the man, he was at work, his body bent towards the ground; then all at once raising himself up, and contemplating his badges of slavery, and the implement which he held in his hand, Wretched habit, said he, you are now dear to me; and thee I prefer to the sceptre of kings. If any faint ray of joy could still enlighten the sad night which remains for me to live, I am indebted for the happiness of it, to the punishment which I have too well merited. Oh Yariko! Oh my well beloved! but what, wretch! how dares my mouth still utter the name of her whom I have so cruelly outraged! This is what the unfortunate man said, and the slaves who surrounded him, leaning upon their imp'ements of labour, suspended their work to listen. My friends, said he, to the companions of his misfortune, my friends—but no, I no longer merit to be called friend by any man—despise me, detest me, all; I am a disgrace to humanity; I have nothing human about me, but these features whose sacred character I have dishonoured. Men, abhor me as a monster who no longer belongs to your species. Hear and shudder.

Forced by the winds upon a savage shore, a young and beautiful woman took compassion upon my misery: Her tender cares preserved my life; her sweet caresses made me experience all the transports of love. I promised to carry her to my country, to make her enjoy there in the arms of the most faithful of lovers, every happiness which her tenderness and kindness merited. Happy to confide in me without reserve, she abandoned, for my sake, the hut of her father, and her young companions. The vessel on board of which we had embarked arrived here, and it was at this very place—shudder at the confession of such black ingratitude! at this very place, I have sold her to slavery, and with her, the pledge of our loves, the unfortunate infant she bears in her womb. How bitterly she wept! with what despair she raised her hands towards heaven and towards me!——Detest me, all of you. I am unworthy to live amongst men. Ye innocent birds, no longer sing in my presence. Shun the place where I am, as a desart, infected with the hideous spoils of some ferocious animal.

Yariko weeps whilst listening to this fatal recital. She covers her face with her hands; her complaints, her sighs still vented themselves towards the shore which was retreating from her view.—My much beloved Ynkle! thou weepest for thy infidelity; thou repentest it! Ah! is any thing more wanting to assure thee of my forgiveness! Why am I sent from thee? Shall I never more behold thee? Shall this infant never smile in thy paternal arms? never call thee by the sweet name of father?—Ah! why

cannot I share by thy side at least half thy mis ry; and when thou art overcome with fatigue, wipe the sweat from thy brow?

Such, tender Yariko, were thy effusions!—But soon the fatal coast disappeared from her sight. No longer was any thing perceptible but the immense circle of the liquid plain; and now the paternal shore appearing from a thick mist, seems to approach.

Ynkle in the mean time continued to suffer the misery and the labours of slavery. It was not fatigue; it was the overwhelming remembrance of his wickedness which had deeply furrowed his brow. Repentance, solitude, and devouring remorse, recalling incessantly to his mind the tenderness and virtues of Yariko, had rekindled in his heart all the ardour of that love which should never have been extinguished.

Where art thou, Yariko! I have lost thee forever! thy child and mine! What do I say? alas! he will never call me father; until he is acquainted with my cruelty, and then he can never pronounce the sacred name of father, but with horror. How much am I to be pitied! what I hold most dear in this world can retain no remembrance of me, but of despair: and when my name shall escape from their plaintive voices, it will be to impress with grief and fear every surrounding object.

Such for a whole year was the situation of the unhappy Ynkle. One night, whilst reclining under a tree, at a late hour, by the light of the moon, devouring alone his despair and his tears, the slave-keeper approached, and desired him to follow: he was conducted to the governor's garden. Ynkle, said he, thy remorse and repentance have prevailed with heaven. Rich presents have just been made me for thy ransom. Ynkle listens without the least emotion; no sign of joy appears in his countenance. What! says the governor, have you no pleasure at regaining liberty? My lord, replies Ynkle, his eyes cast down, and filled with tears, how is it possible that my heart can be ever open to joy? Can I hope to find grace with heaven, the avenger of innocence? Wretch that I am! the sighs of a wife betrayed, the cries of our child! how dares my mouth profane names so sweet! Will not their tears, their despair accuse me incessantly? ah, what emotions of joy can he feel, who abhors himself? where seek for some oblivion, some appearance of tranquility? There is none for me. Deign, my lord, to let me suffer the punishment of my crime; permit me to die your slave. Ynkle had scarcely finished his mournful prayer, when a person hitherto concealed behind a neighbouring tree, advanced eagerly. It was Yariko herself! superbly dressed, as if for the altar of Hymen; feathers of various kinds covered her robe, and her hair was entwined with flowers; an infant was laying in her arms. Ah, my dear Ynkle! cries she, sobbing—then running up, presses him with the child to her bosom. Do not, my dear Ynkle, refuse thy liberty:—'tis I who have come to restore it:—behold thy faithful spouse, behold the lovely child who owes his life to thee! Ynkle falls at her feet, embraces her knees, and for a long time his trembling lips could not utter a single word—Yariko! says he, at last—tender Yariko, hast thou no dread at beholding me again? Is it thou who hast just restored my liberty? Canst thou still love me, who was guilty of the greatest treachery? me, too unworthy to merit a single look from thee; unless of hatred and horror? Rise, my well beloved, says Yariko; no longer debar thy wife the pleasure of embracing thee—thy child, of the first paternal kiss.

A SERMON IN PRAISE OF SWEARING IN CONVERSATION.

Deut. vi. 13. The latter part of the verse.
And SHALL *swear by his name.*

There is a set of men in the world, who need only be known in order to be despised; men, who are a constant subject for ridicule, and justly the derision of the gay and more refined part of the human species: men who are so stupid, as to be more enamoured with the pleasure of a benevolent action, more charmed with giving joy to the helpless and miserable, with drying up the tears of the distressed, or soothing the agonies of the bursting heart, than with the lordly pride of wanton power, than in rendering the wretched more wretched, than with spurning at patient merit, or even the satisfaction of racking tenants, hoarding wealth, or all the high gratification of a debauch; more delighted with the visionary pleasure of indulging their own reflections, and the applause of a good conscience, than with the charms of a bottle, the transports afforded by the lascivious wanton, or all the high-wrought indulgences of a luxurious appetite. And, in one word, to sum up their character, more afraid of a false, or even an unnecessary oath, than of the point of a sword.

It is with these poor mean-spirited wretches, that I am now to combat, in order to shew the great advantages that attend a strict compliance with the injunction in my text, *And thou shalt swear by his name.* I shall not here take up your time in examining the context, or even in considering what is meant by the command in my text, which some would confine to the necessary oaths, taken in a court of judicature; but, like all sound divines, and in com-

pliance with the custom of all good commentators and disputants, consider the passage before us, in that latitude, which is most adapted to answer my particular design.

In treating this subject I shall consider,

I. The many advantages attending the frequent use of oaths, curses, and imprecations: in which will be sufficiently proved, the falseness of that assertion, that swearing is attended with neither pleasure nor profit.

II. Answer some objections. And,

III. Make a suitable application.

I. I am to consider the many advantages arising from a frequent use of oaths, curses, and imprecations.

In the *first* place, this genteel accomplishment is a wonderful help to discourse; as it supplies the want of good sense, learning, and eloquence. The illiterate and stupid, by the help of oaths, become orators; and he, whose wretched intellects would not permit him to utter a coherent sentence, by this easy practice, excites the laughter, and fixes the attention, of a brilliant and joyous circle. He begins a story, he is lost in a vacuity of thought, and would instantly, to his eternal dishonour, become silent, did not a series of oaths and imprecations give him time to gather up, or rather seek the thread of his discourse: he begins again, again he is lost, but having complimented his friends, by calling for etetnal damnation on them all, he has thought what to say next, and finds himself able to proceed with a sentence or two more. Thus he still talks on, while thought follows slowly after. Blest expedient! by the use of which, polite conversation glides on uninterrupted, while sound is happily substituted in the place of sense: by this, mankind communicate familiar noises to each other, with as little intellectual ability and labour, as a pack of well-matched hounds; so often the object of their delight and admiration! O how preposterously absurd then! how false, and contrary to experience, is that ridiculous assertion, that swearing is attended with neither pleasure nor profit! For what higher pleasure, what greater profit and advantage can a man enjoy, than to find, that, *in spite of nature, who has directed him to be silent*, he can hear himself talk—talk without stammering, or drawling out each heavy sentence, that lags behind to wait on thought. Ye ideots rejoice! ye coxcombs, whose costive brain ne'er dictated the flowing sentiment, be glad! Ye, whom learning never fired, in stupid ignorance lost, exult! Blest with ease and indolence, you talk, and those, like you, admire; while listening dæmons clap their wings, and grin applause.

Forgive me, Sirs, if, fired with my subject, I lose my usual moderation, for who can help being warmed at the mention of such glorious advantages as these? Advantages, which level the conversation of the mighty, and raise the oratory of the carman and porter. Here the lowest frequently excel; the ploughman, with clouted shoon, outvies his competitors, and practises the vices of the gentleman, with more success than the lord of the manor, or the splendid courtier, though adorned with star and garter. Here no abilities, no learning, are necessary, no studious hours are required to attain perfection. Tropes and figures, all the flowers of oratory, all the pedantry of the schools, are vain and useless trumpery, compared to these ornaments: they require pains and study, nor can be applied without judgment, and the toil of reading, what are foolishly called, the ingenious and polite authors: but swearing is, as I have said, learning to the ignorant, eloquence to the blockhead, vivacity to the stupid, and wit to the coxcomb.

Secondly, Oaths and curses are a proof of a most heroick courage, at least in appearance, which answers the same end. For who can doubt the valour, the intrepidity of him, who braves the thunder of heaven, who affronts the most formidable being in the universe, and treats, with contempt, that all-enlivening principle, which sustains and animates the whole creation? To what a noble elation is the heart of the coward conscious, when he thus defies the Almighty, and imprecates the fires of Hell! let the blustering bully domineer, let him roar out his curses, and threaten all who dare provoke the vengeance of his potent arm; let him terrify by a surly frown, and intimidate when, with portly gait, he vents ten thousand oaths and curses on the wretch, who, impudently, presumes to oppose his mighty will—who dares doubt his courage? Who can believe, that the cane, or the toe, when duly applied, have such magic power, as to make him twist, and writhe himself like a serpent, till, with this exercise, his joints, and his mind, become so supple, that he can bend and cringe and ask pardon? Let the meek soldier boast his deeds in war, and, with oaths and execrations lace the self-flattering tale; who can believe that so great a hero should have an antipathy to the sight of steel? Or that he, who challenges the blasting lightning to fall on his head, would tremble, and turn pale at the flash of a pistol? No, this must never be imagined; for can it be supposed that he has less bravery in the field than in the tavern? With these blustering expletives, then, the coward may strut and look big, and every minute give fresh proofs of an invincible courage: he may bravely sport with that being whose frown would make the heavens and earth to tremble: he may seem to snatch the vengence

from his uplifted hand, and throw it on his foe: he may invoke the wrath of heaven; and who can imagine that he is afraid of death, when he is continually calling for all the horrors of hell?

THIRDLY, he hereby not only gives a proof of his courage, but informs the world, that he is entirely divested of all the foolish prejudices of education and has unlearnt

"All that the nurse, and all the priest have taught;"

that he has not only shook off the shackles of enthusiasm, but has banished from his mind, that reverence of the deity, which is the foundation of every system of religion. He is not suspected of being such a fool as to want instruction, since it cannot be imagined, that he has so dull a taste as to go to church, unless, if he be a gentleman, to ogle the ladies; if a clown, to sleep; or, if a tradesman, in complaisance to the sober old women of both sexes, who happen to be his customers: & he has this additional advantage, that he will never be taken for a pious churchman, a presbyterian, a quaker, or a methodist. And, in reality, he is so far from being a bigot to any religious principles, that he belongs to no religious society upon earth. That he is not, nor cannot be a christian, is evident; for what is christianity? It is extensive benevolence, humanity, and virtue, to which he bids defiance with every curse. He cannot be a deist, because they openly profess the utmost reverence for the deity; and, for the same reason, he can neither be a Jew, or a Mahometan, or a follower of Confucius. No, nor even an atheist; since we cannot conceive, that he would so often call upon God, if he was thoroughly convinced there was no such being in the universe; however, he every minute lets us see, that he does not fear him. How unlicensed is his freedom, how glorious and unconstrained! Let the wretches, who meanly bend their wills, and regulate their actions, by the sage dictates of reason and conscience; who stoop to follow the rules of religion, and call them sacred; let these bridle their tongues, let these confine themselves within the narrow limits prescribed by reason and good sense: the swearer knows better, sense, and reason, and religion, are all subservient to his will, he disdains their fetters, and rules those which rule all the world beside. (*To be continued.*)

Mr. Easy,

If the following thoughts which occurred to me during the rise, continuance, and dispersion of a *Thunder Storm* claim any merit, be so kind as to give them an insertion in your useful Companion.

Behold yon cloud just rising in the west whose pinions darkened by its aqueous bulk, portends the coming of a dreadful storm. See in what little space of time it spreads its midnight shades quite o'er the firmament, eclipsing the beauteous lustre of the planets, converting starlight into total darkness. It near approaches. The winged lightnings flash with fury irresistable, athwart the sky! its glaring light struck full upon the eyes of a spectator, for a while illuminates his optic chambers, and though the cause is gone, he fancies still he sees it bright as day: a momentary dimness then assails his tender visual organs. Then again, another moment past, he looks about him, with recovered vision. Flash succeeding flash, the same effects from the same cause ensue. Meanwhile the awful-sounding thunder roars thro' the heavens; & its lumbering peals striking the summits of the lofty clouds, is reverberated through the vault of heaven. The bursting clouds, discharge the vapours which suspended high in air they bore, and down the pearly drops do gravitate (the bounteous gift of an all-gracious God:) giving joy to the husbandman. Not so with those who plough the trackless seas. Tempestuous gales first seen to rise, the ship is well prepared, her sails close reef'd or else securely handed, and every thing which may conduce to safety, is well attended to. Huge roll the waves propelled each by other: they lash the sides of this firm "wooden world," but all in vain. In vain, the foaming sea in mount'nous billow attacks the ship. She gently mounts its crest, and with top-ga'nt-mast seems to touch the skies! the anger'd wave, (as 'twere) frothing with rage, hurls fromthis pinnacle the quiv'ring ship, and plunges her into a gulph below, apparently as deep as Tartarus. She again ascends the approaching billow, and again is hurried away precipitately.

Rough Boreas next, exerting all his force, attacks the nebulous host. Those which he cannot by his power reduce to pristine æther, he drives pell-mell before his furious blast. The clouds disperse, and to our view disclose the glorious, awful scenery of heaven. NEMO.

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

Although performers neglecting the study of their profession deserve reprehension, yet I must exempt such from censure as have been neglectful from their endeavours proving unsuccessful. In this situation was the late facetious George Alexander Stevens, at Lynn, in Norfolk. Having played there several nights to empty benches, he neglected to study the part of Lorenzo, in the Merchant of Venice, which he had to perform before the company left the town. He, however, bustled through it tolerably

well until he came to the last act, where he should have said to Jessica—

"In such a night as this, Leander swam the Hellespont, and brav'd the winds and waves for Hero's sake," &c. &c.

Instead of which he began thus—

"Oh Jessica! in such a night as this the—man—swam over the water—and he div'd and he duck'd—and he duck'd and he div'd—'till he got to the other side—and—there, you know, he met with his—sweetheart—and there Jessica, you know, they met each other.

This was intolerable! The audience perceiving the cause, expressed their disapprobation by a general hiss from every part of the theatre.

Stevens, greatly irritated by this, resolved to quit the town—as he termed it, in a blaze. He took, therefore, Jessica by the hand, and—leading her forward, addressed the audience thus—

"O Jessica, in such a night as this we came to town,
And since that night we've touch'd but half a crown;
Let you and I then bid these folks good night,
For if we longer stay, they'll starve us quite.
Damn me.

ANECDOTICK GLEANINGS.

HEATHENISH MYTHOLOGY.

A rich citizen having invited an old friend to take a Sunday's dinner with him at his villa, wishing to shew his guest his leaden images, took him into his garden, where they had the following dialogue:

"Pray, sir," (pointing to one of the statues at the end of the walk) "what figure is that?"

"That, sir," answered the citizen, "that there statute I take to be,—let me recollect—yes, I take that to be either Venus, or Vulcan; but, upon my word, I cannot exactly tell which. Here, you, James," calling to the gardener; "is this Venus, or Vulcan?"

"That is Venus," answered the man; "Vulcan is lame of a leg, and stands upon one foot in the next alley."

Yes, yes; this is Venus, sure enough, (said the citizen) "though I was not quite certain at first."

"Perhaps it is not an easy matter to distinguish them?"

"Why, they are both made of the same metal, Sir," said the citizen.

"She ought to be bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, for you know Venus was Vulcan's wife."

I am bound to believe she was, (replied the citizen,) since you say so."

"You have so many of these gods, that it is difficult to be master of their private histories."

"It is so, Sir, (said the citizen) I was a good while in learning their names—but I know them all pretty well now. That there man, in the highland garb is Mars; and the name of the old fellow with the pitch-fork is Neptune."

"Sir, you are now very perfect."

ONE THING AT A TIME.

When Lord Howe was captain of the *Magnamime*, a Negro sailor was ordered to be flogged. Every thing being prepared, and the ship's company assembled to witness the punishment, Captain Howe made a long address to the culprit on the enormity of his offence. Poor Mungo, tired of the harangue, and having his back exposed to the cold, exclaimed, "Massa! if you floggee, floggee; or if you preachee, preachee; but *no preachee and floggee too!*"

When any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened with great attention, and then interrupted him saying, "Is there not "a fair side also to the character of the person you are "speaking of? Come, tell me his good qualities."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As *Nemo* has *laboured* so hard to raise a storm, we have exhibited it before the publick, but fear it will only be called a little *flurry*. Crouding together a parcel of hard, long, or uncommon words, and inverting their arrangement in the construction of sentences, will as certainly reach the sublime in description, as that a man can acquire additional grace and dignity, by standing on his head with a great cocked hat on his feet.

We hope it will not be long before we hear again from the *Old Bachelor* who appeared in our last. Whatever dress he may put on, or whatever title he may bear, he will always be as cordially welcomed by us, as we believe he has been by all our readers.

Several pieces of poetry have been received, and shall be attended to as early as possible. All *original* effusions, if possessed of any merit, shall be respected; but we are sorry to say, that several attempts have lately been made to palm upon us, for original, what has frequently been published before. Once we have been deceived, and perhaps may be again; for it is neither reasonable to suppose, that we remember all we read, nor read every piece of poetry that is published in every book and paper in the world: but whenever such disingenuous attempts are made, they shall be publickly noticed, and if repeated, exposed in a manner yet more pointed, if their real names are as well known to us, as those who have used the signatures of *Lubin*, and *Leopold*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy,

On reading the tenth satire of Boileau, I was not less charmed by the keenness of his wit, than surprised at the description he has given of the dangers of matrimony. As no good reason, however, can be shewn why the morals of his countrywomen have undergone any material reformation, it may not be uninteresting to some of your readers to know the author's sentiments respecting them at the time he wrote. The following translation, which includes not more than one-third of the satire, I am well aware will be considered imperfect, by all who are acquainted with the original; but if you think it can afford any pleasure to those who are not conversant with the French language, you are at liberty to insert it in the Companion.

BOILEAU'S Xth SATIRE.

Are you, ALCIPPUS, then resolv'd to wed,
And quit at last th' immoral life you've led?
The gen'rous father of your future wife
'Tis said, will make you amply rich for life;
The notary, too, has scrawl'd the marriage deed,
And ev'ry point of settlement 's agreed.
Since nought but marriage in the way remains,
Then share its pleasures and o'erlook its pains.
What unfelt joy, what soft delight we prove,
Wrap't in the circling arms of one we love:
How sweet the name of *husband* to the ear,
To see our wives their prattling offspring rear,
And ere to manhood when the boys have grown,
How sweet to *think* the little rogues *our own!*
How charming, too, should e'er misfortue low'r,
For wives to weep as if they fear'd its pow'r,
Fly to our aid with blessings on our head,
And swoon at dangers which they do not dread.
But you I know, you hate the jealous throng
Who think their wives forever in the wrong;
E'en when they weep declare it feign'd distress,
And swear they love some other to excess.
But whence that frown, why check my faithful strain,
And ask if Juvenal has turn'd my brain?
Or if, like him, I mean to vent my rage,
"And search the records of the darkest age,
"To prove how Chastity with crimson'd face,
"Blush'd for a while, but met at last disgrace.
"How curs'd Injustice, too, in former times
"Arose with Discord, and begat new crimes;
"And fallen Constancy, long since allur'd
"By tempting pleasure, was to vice inur'd."
Say, why so pale? why start you with affright?
'Tis Juvenal who speaks; from him I write:
To such authority some credit's due,
For, trust me, what the poet says is true.
E'en under Adam, vice with fell controul,
Despotick rul'd, and darkl'd in the soul:
Not innocence itself her pow'r withstood,
And thousands knew her long before the flood.
Some little honour still on earth remain'd,
For though a Läis was by lust enchain'd,
Yet more than one Penelope abhorr'd
The raging passion which on virtue warr'd.
Look round the globe, in spite of modern taste
You still may find some woman who is chaste.
What, do you doubt me? I myself can name
Even three in Paris of unblemish'd fame:
Your wife may make the fourth some future day,
At least, my friend, I really wish she may—
However sacred, though, the name of wife,
Howe'er you love, howe'er demure her life,
Should bus'ness call you from your native shore,
When you return, knock loudly at her door.
For once a husband* who was forc'd to roam
On some great call that urg'd his leaving home,
With sudden speed returning to his house,
Intruded rashly on his faithless spouse,
When in her arms he found—you guess the rest—
The story's old—perhaps you know it best.
Again I hear you interrupt my strain,
Declare it time and proper to explain
Your views for marrying, and maintain it right,
In spite of all the satires I can write.
By me instructed, at an early age
You say you ventur'd on this worldly stage,
And found that marriage was the standing joke
Of fools and libertines who spurn'd its yoke;
That all mankind united in the laugh,
While half the cuckolds rail'd at t'other half;
That fables, rondeaus, epigrams, and songs,
And ev'ry jest to satire that belongs,
With all those folios and accurst archives
Of witty authors who aspers'd our wives,
Were base inventions, aim'd at man and wife,
To kindle discord and enjoy their strife:
But yet, in spite of all their vile abuse,
We find that marriage is not less in use;
E'en those who swore they never would endure
Its hateful yoke, are caught within its lure;
And now they feel their happiness at stake,
Confess all rests upon the choice we make.
In fact, you say, turn where or how you will,
Your greedy nephews seem to haunt you still:
With hungry looks survey what wealth you have,
Your treasure covet, and prepare your grave;
Yet feigning pity, wipe their tearless eyes,
Because, alas! their poor dear uncle dies!
But in revenge, ere many days glide by,
You hope to give them real cause to cry.
You say, moreover, that you cannot bear
To live alone, a constant prey to care;
To range forever up and down your hall,
With only servants, traitors at your call;
That scarcely in your bed are you reclin'd,
Before some fearful dream distracts your mind,
Presents a murder'd spectre to your sight,
And haunts your slumbers all the live-long night.
That man for social intercourse was born,
Not proudly here on earth to dwell forlorn:
For had the founder of the human race
Possess'd in solitude the world's whole space,
Not e'en the joys which paradise could give,
Had long induc'd him thus alone to live:
That therefore satirists should not instil
A false disgust to nature's settled will,

* See La Fontaine's tale of Joconde.

The social ties of purest love asperse,
And blast affection for the sake of verse.
In fine, though marriage binds its vot'ries fast,
You say you really must be yok'd at last,
That erring man whom guilty passion fires,
Needs some restraint to check his wild desires;
For left at large, he runs a mad career,
But if controul'd, will sober down from fear.
That thus, we see how providence extends
Its fost'ring care to man when danger pends.
Well said, ALCIPPUS!—e'en a learn'd divine
Could not compose a sermon half so fine!
But jesting all apart, attend my speech,
And learn how I on marriage too can preach.
The gentle fair one whom you mean to wed,
Of spotless morals, and to virtue bred,
Within a holy convent's pure recess
I hear was taught her passions to repress.
But who can tell how long she will maintain
Her virtue pure, her innocence from stain;
To ev'ry artifice of life a prey,
To constant dangers that oppose her way.
Soon at the play invited to appear,
There, do you think your little saint will hear
Those strains unmov'd, expressive of delight,
Behold the dance, those heroes for the night,
Whose sole discourse on love incessant turns,
While her quick pulse with kindling rapture burns:
Who teach her that the only god above
To whom she owes a sacrifice, is Love,
And that the heart is sacred heav'ns own boon,
Which cannot love too well, nor love too soon.
With what emotions will the fair one hear
Those dulcet notes which melt upon the ear?
With musick charm'd, she may at last make choice
Of some musician, merely for his voice;
And from the ravish'd impulse of her heart,
Reward the master to be taught his art.
But grant, ALCIPPUS, that your wife be pure,
Her virtue proof against past danger's lure;
Amid th' attentions of a treach'rous world,
In dissipation's giddy circle whirl'd,
Can you in earnest think she will not trip,
Yet run the dangerous round, nor ever slip;
That sagely callous to th' impassion'd praise
Of ev'ry rake who flatters and betrays,
Her prudence still will guide her on her way,
And that she cannot ever go astray?
Observe her well, how soon she learns to call
Each lover, friend—sure prelude of her fall.
With smiles their cautious liberties receive,
Which, bolder grown, they take without her leave;
Then down the stream of guilty pleasure glide,
And swim at large amidst the passions tide.
Honour is like an island's craggy steep,
That overhangs the wide surrounding deep;
If once you plunge within the edying main,
You ne'er can reach the lofty cliff again.
So if you ponder on the verge of sin,
Your head grows dizzy, and you tumble in:
Step leads to step, until you gain the brink,
'Mers'd fathomless in vice at last you sink.
Before two years perhaps are fairly spent,
Pall'd with disgust and on revenge intent,
Within some lewd young fellow's warm embrace,
She soon may yield her person to disgrace.
Deprav'd in mind, with vice familiar grown,
Frequenting ev'ry brothel of the town,
You next may hear her to your face proclaim
Her honour blasted, and expos'd to shame.
Recount how many for her favours bled,
How many dying, and how many dead.
E'en boldly triumph in your wild despair,
And prove her conduct natural and fair.
Admit her virtuous, grant her heart be good;
Yet vain of flatt'ry, in some flirting mood,
Suppose you see her wantonly coquette,
Can you look on, and look without regret?
Behold her too, with calmness and repose,
Surrounded daily by a troop of beaux,
To all display her fascinating grace,
Smile first at one, then in the other's face,
On each some token of regard bestow,
On all but you her tender glances throw?
Alone for them the richest lace is bought,
On them bestow'd each fond endearing thought;
For them is raised with artificial care,
The graceful structure of a head of hair;
In fact, each action and each look implies,
For them alone she paints, she smiles, she sighs.
Then ne'er intrude unwelcome on her sight,
And only seek her when alone at night:
But patient wait, nor on your life presume
Uncall'd to enter rashly in her room.
First let her face of rouge be gently clear'd,
Nay more, the towels too with paint besmear'd,
Must all take secret refuge in the press,
Ere you can be permitted to undress.
Beware e'en then, nor for the world expose
The least suspicion how her money goes.
Out with your purse, indulge her in expense,
For if you scold, the fair may take offence:
Nay, bath'd in tears, declare it vastly hard
Her prudence meets so cruel a reward;
For that no woman ever squander'd less,
Or car'd so little as herslf for dress.
By such affecting tenderness reprov'd,
Could you behold her piteous tears unmov'd?
No; rather, if you seek to live in peace,
Bid her each item of expense increase;
Your coffers freely of their treasures drain,
'Till not one solitary *sous* remain.———— X

THE NEW STYLE.

BY JOHN HACKETT, OF BALIOL COLLEGE.

That ruin. quoth Roger, as I ha'e been told,
Is near, if not quite, Sir, three hundred years old;
And I heard my lord, t'other day, say to John Pratt,
He'd soon build one two hundred years older than that.

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